When I was young I was one of the many people taken in by an entity we all call The Moon Queen. We don't quite know what her intentions are, but we know she is malicious. The moon queen took me to an island far removed from the rest of society. Clear skies, decent temperatures and waters that are easy to navigate are nothing but a pipe dream on her island.

The fog on the island not only blocks the warmth and light of the sun but even stays low to the ground on the island itself. Finding another person here takes some time when the fog is so thick and invasive. Most of us wish we could just simply leave the island but the fog is only the first obstacle that keeps us here.

The second obstacle is the cold. None of us were born on The Moon Queen's island. We were all taken here. We all come from better places. It's common for new people to come here, but rare for them to leave. People become adjusted to the cold and refuse to leave. Some try to survive by gathering with the few others they can find and share body heat. The cold is the obstacle that creates a double edged sword. Eventually the ones who stay on the island too long die. The cold seeps into their body so deep and so intensely they give in and let it take over. The ones who try to leave are no more fortunate, They face the third and final obstacle, The Moon Queen's waves.

The Moon Queen controls the fog and makes sure the island chills its residents to the bone. But the people who can navigate the fog and bear the relentless cold are treated to her most devastating power. Once a person enters the waters and attempts to leave the island The Moon Queen rapidly raises and lowers the waters to create waves that stand miles above you. Often times these tidal waves send people right back to where they started. From being right up the edge of freedom to right back into the island. Miles of progress can be erased by a tall enough wave.

This final obstacle is that I face now, countless time I've been sent right back to the island where I started. But my boat remains standing. Every time I stubbornly rush out again to freedom I learn how to handle larger and larger waves. The Moon Queen continues to get weaker the harder I push, the easier I can navigate the fog and the better I can resist the cold. A person leaving the island is what aggravates her the most. With her arsenal of three devastating weapons only a few make it out alive. I will be one of those few.